

MACHINE  
MAN

TM

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

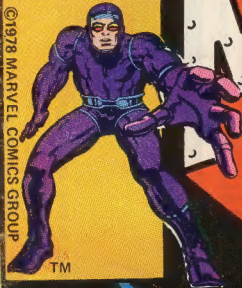
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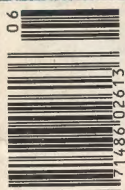


# MACHINE man™

THE LIVING ROBOT

FROM ACROSS THE UNIVERSE,  
COMES THE MALEVOLENT  
MENACE OF--

**TEN-FOR,**  
THE MEAN MACHINE!





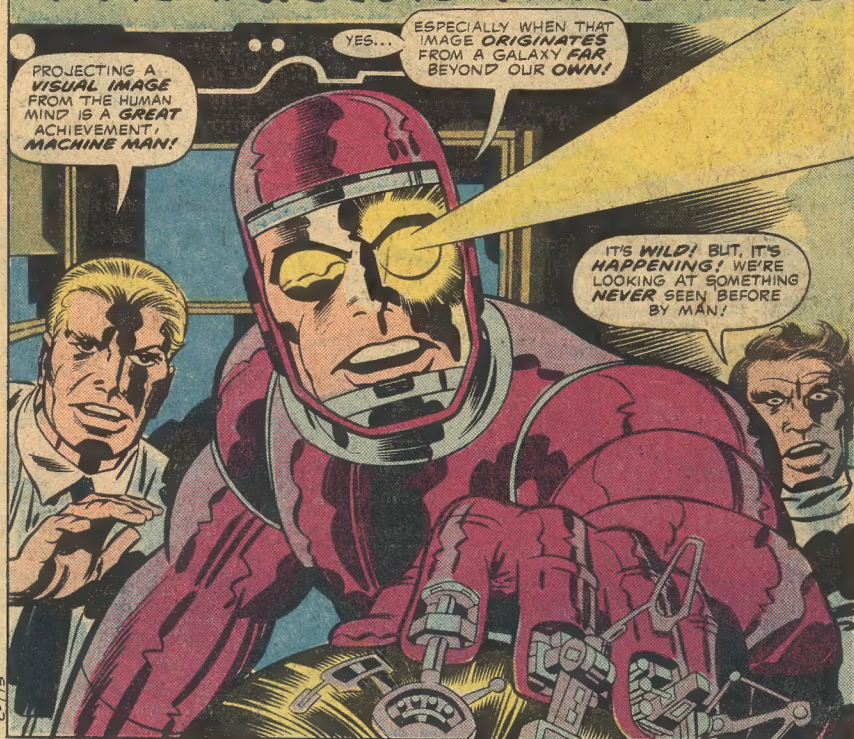
This is the story of X-51—a thinking computer in the form of a man. As Aaron Stack, he tries to find a place in a world that's not quite ready for his kind—but will he find it as friend, foe, or the greatest hero of them all?

# Stan Lee PRESENTS: **MACHINE MAN™**, THE LIVING ROBOT!

EDITED, WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY **JACK KIRBY** • EMBELLISHED BY **MIKE ROYER** • COLORED BY **P. GOLDBERG** • MECHANICALITY BY **ARCHE GOODWIN**

THEY ANSWERED AN INTERGALACTIC DISTRESS CALL--WITHOUT KNOWING WHO SENT IT...

# TEN-FOR, THE MEAN MACHINE



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FROM A DISTANCE OF THOUSANDS OF LIGHT YEARS, AN ALIEN SPACEMAN HAS UTILIZED A RECEPTIVE HUMAN MIND TO SEND A DISTRESS CALL AND A PLEA FOR RESCUE...

THERE'S NO DOUBT OF IT!

WHAT WE'RE OBSERVING IS A SPACESHIP TRAPPED BY THE MAGNETIC PULL OF A GIANT SUN!

IT WILL SOON BE DRAWN INTO THAT INFERNO AND DESTROYED!

MY PROBES ARE TRANSMITTING A VISUAL IMAGE, BUT ONLY THIS MENTAL PATIENT CAN DELIVER THE ENDANGERED PILOT'S VERBAL MESSAGE!

DON'T WASTE MY LAST PRECIOUS MOMENTS IN IDLE TALK!

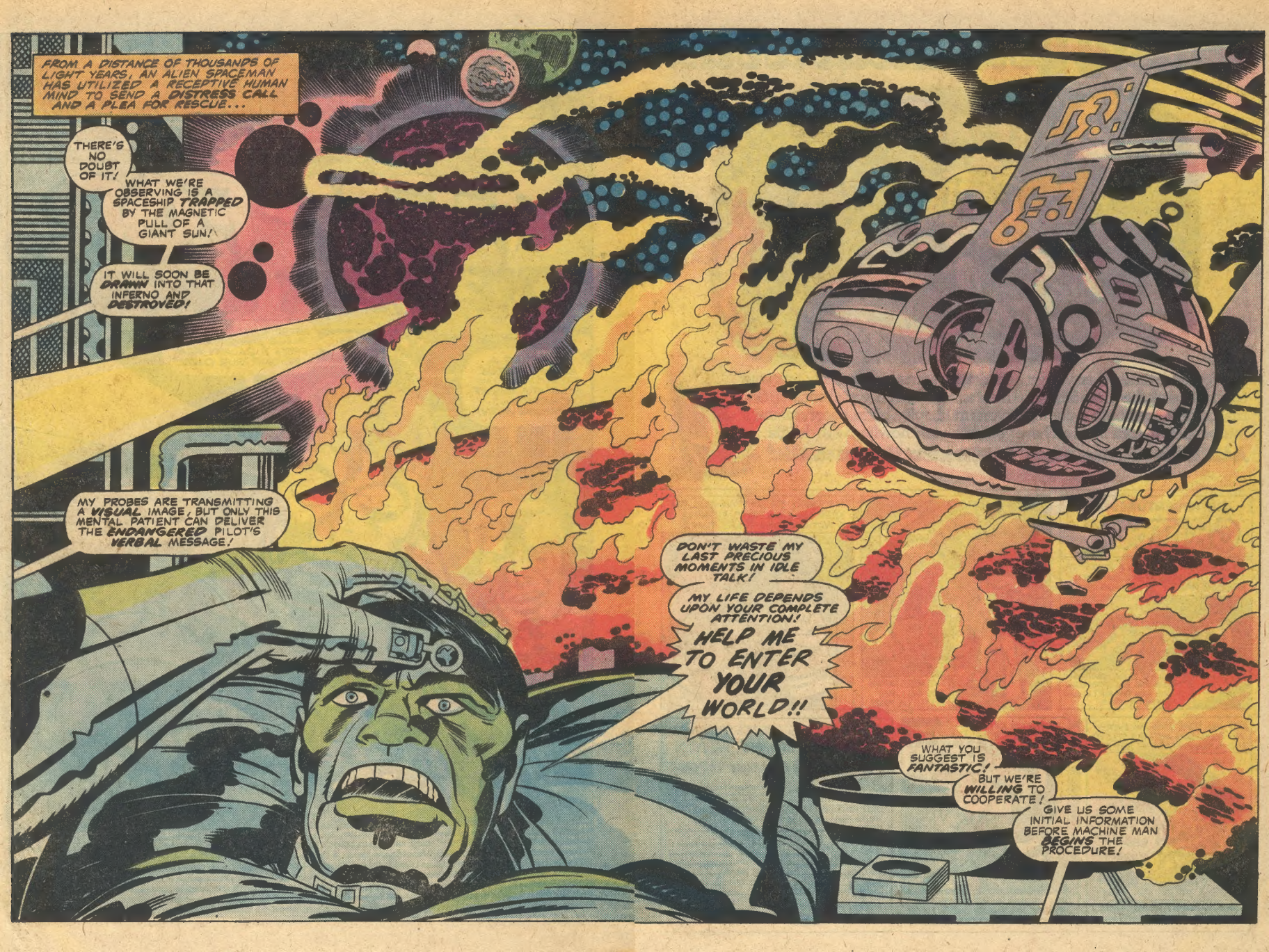
MY LIFE DEPENDS UPON YOUR COMPLETE ATTENTION!

HELP ME TO ENTER YOUR WORLD!!

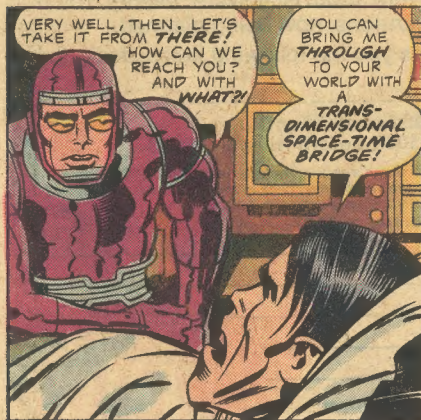
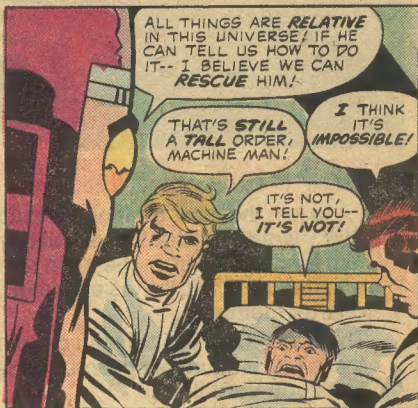
WHAT YOU SUGGEST IS FANTASTIC!

BUT WE'RE WILLING TO COOPERATE!

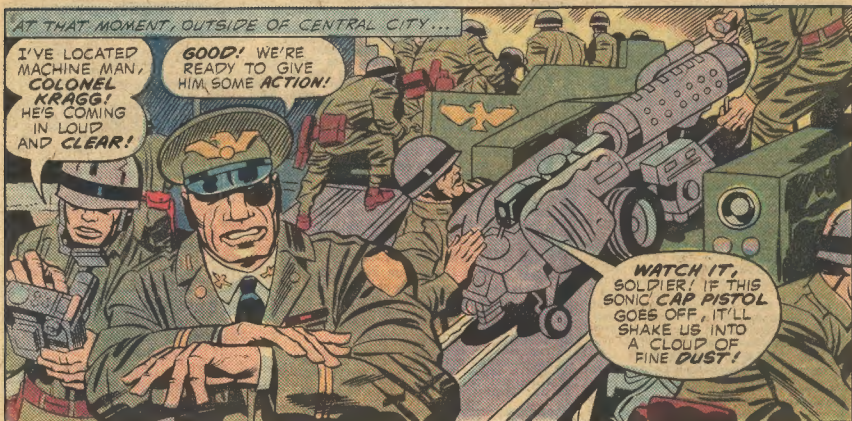
GIVE US SOME INITIAL INFORMATION BEFORE MACHINE MAN BEGINS THE PROCEDURE!









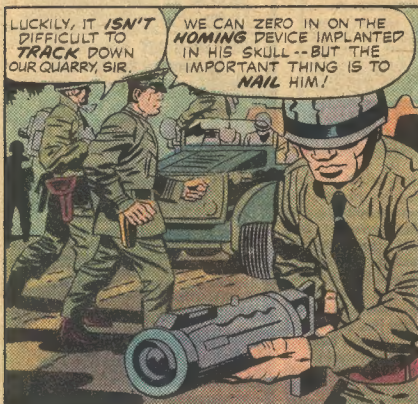


AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE OF CENTRAL CITY...

I'VE LOCATED MACHINE MAN, COLONEL KRAGG! HE'S COMING IN LOUD AND CLEAR!

GOOD! WE'RE READY TO GIVE HIM SOME ACTION!

WATCH IT, SOLDIER! IF THIS SONIC CAP PISTOL GOES OFF, IT'LL SHAKE US INTO A CLOUD OF FINE DUST!



LUCKILY, IT *ISN'T* DIFFICULT TO TRACK DOWN OUR QUARRY, SIR.

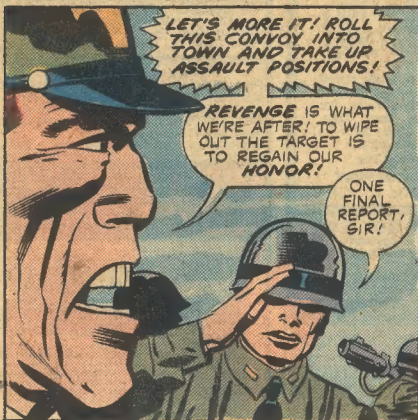
WE CAN ZERO IN ON THE HOMING DEVICE IMPLANTED IN HIS SKULL--BUT THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO NAIL HIM!



WHEN WE DESTROY THAT LIVING MACHINE, THE BOOK WILL CLOSE ON THE SECRET PROJECT WHICH COST ME MANY MEN AND THE LOSS OF AN EYE!

I WON'T REST UNTIL THIS JOB IS DONE!

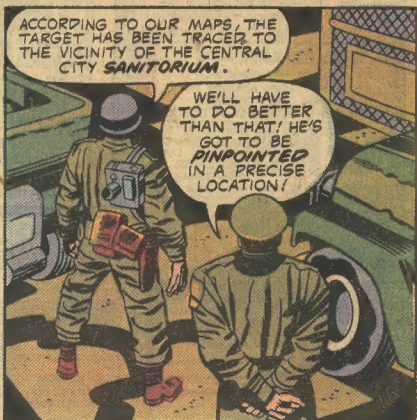
WE'LL GET HIM, COLONEL. YOU CAN COUNT ON IT!



LET'S MORE IT! ROLL THIS CONVOY INTO TOWN AND TAKE UP ASSAULT POSITIONS!

REVENGE IS WHAT WE'RE AFTER! TO WIPE OUT THE TARGET IS TO REGAIN OUR HONOR!

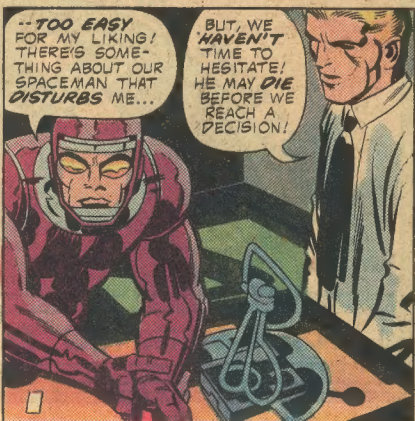
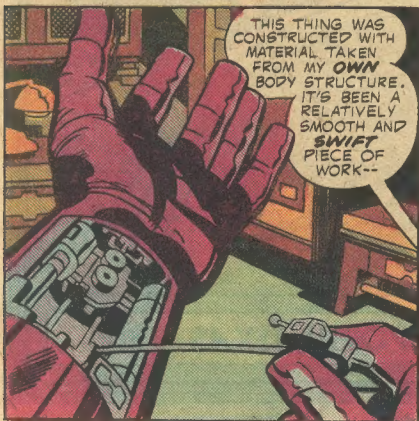
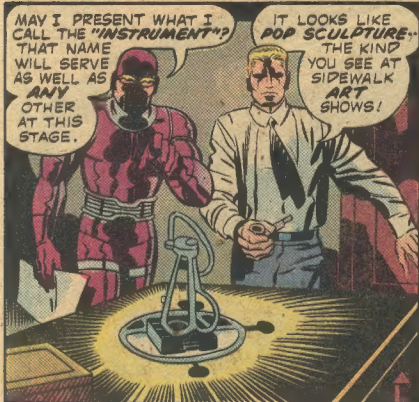
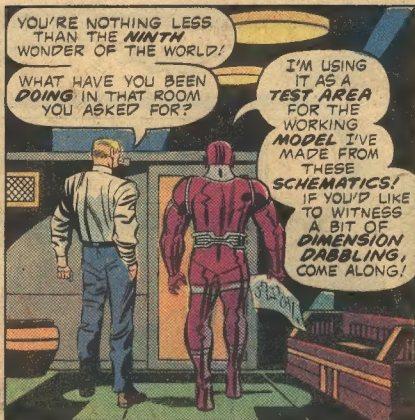
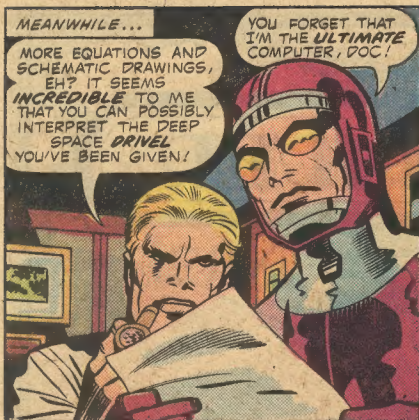
ONE FINAL REPORT, SIR!



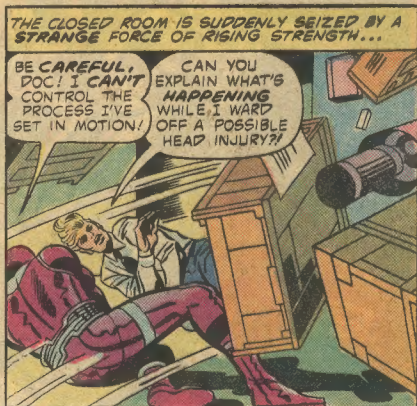
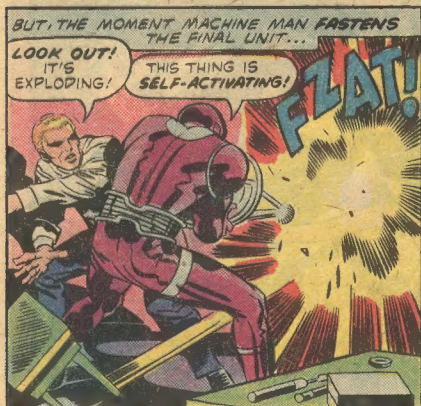
ACCORDING TO OUR MAPS, THE TARGET HAS BEEN TRACED TO THE VICINITY OF THE CENTRAL CITY SANATORIUM.

WE'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT! HE'S GOT TO BE PINPOINTED IN A PRECISE LOCATION!













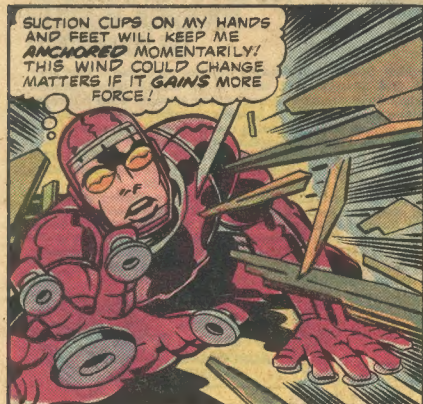
JUST **WAIT** IN  
THE CORRIDOR  
UNTIL I  
**STRAIGHTEN**  
THIS OUT!

BUT SUPPOSE  
YOU **CAN'T**!

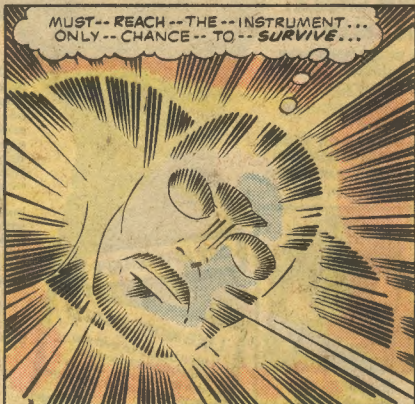


MY CHANCES ARE **BETTER**  
THAN YOURS! **WAIT OUT-**  
**SIDE!**

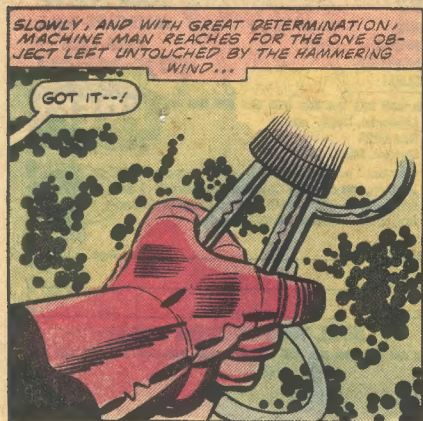
**WHOOSH!**



SUCTION CUPS ON MY HANDS  
AND FEET WILL KEEP ME  
**ANCHORED** MOMENTARILY!  
THIS WIND COULD CHANGE  
MATTERS IF IT **GAINS** MORE  
FORCE!



MUST--REACH--THE--INSTRUMENT...  
ONLY--CHANCE--TO--**SURVIVE**...



SLOWLY, AND WITH GREAT DETERMINATION,  
MACHINE MAN REACHES FOR THE ONE OB-  
JECT LEFT UNTOUCHED BY THE HAMMERING  
WIND...

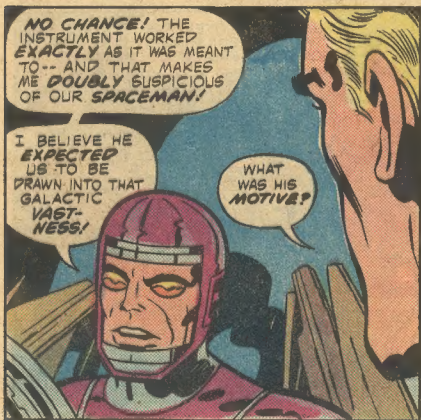
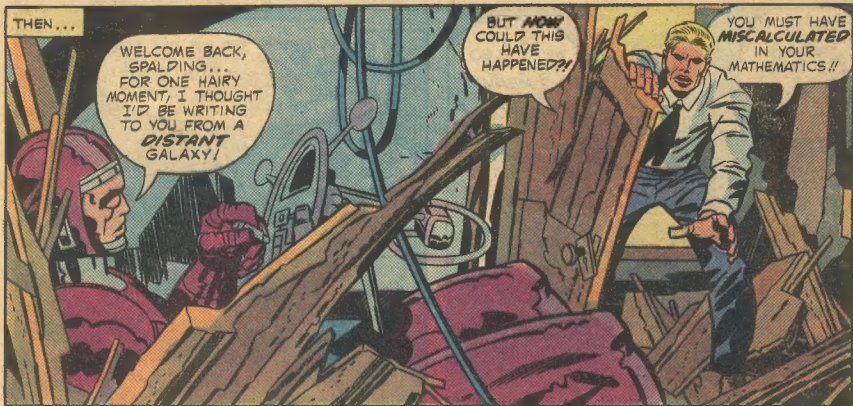
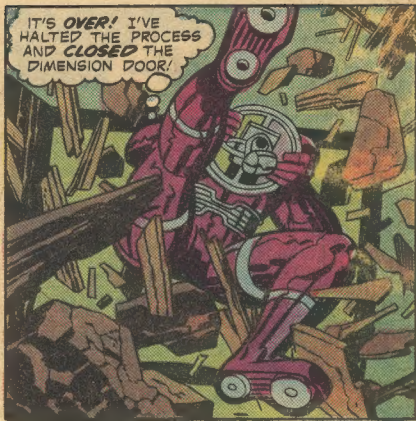
GOT IT--!



HE STRUGGLES DESPERATELY TO PRY LOOSE  
THE COMPONENTS THAT WILL SHUT THE  
DIMENSION DOOR...

IF I **DON'T**  
FINISH THIS  
IN TIME, I'LL  
BE **SWEPT**  
INTO  
**DEEP SPACE!**







AT THAT MOMENT...

TAKING REFUGE IN THAT  
SANITORIUM IS A BIZARRE  
BUT CLEVER MOVE ON  
MACHINE MAN'S PART!



ORDER  
THE MEN TO  
DISEMBARK  
AND TAKE  
THEIR  
ASSIGNED  
POSITIONS.

YES SIR.  
WE'RE ALSO  
PLACING  
THE HEAVY  
SONIC  
WEAPONS  
WHERE THEY  
CAN BE  
MOST  
EFFECTIVE!



THEN...

OKAY, LET'S DO IT ON THE  
DOUBLE! WE'VE GOT TO BE  
READY TO DROP OUR BIRD  
BEFORE HE DECIDES TO FLY  
THE COOP!

SOME BIRD--  
SOME COOP!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!  
THIS TIME, WE'VE GOT  
MORE EQUIPMENT  
THAN HE HAS!

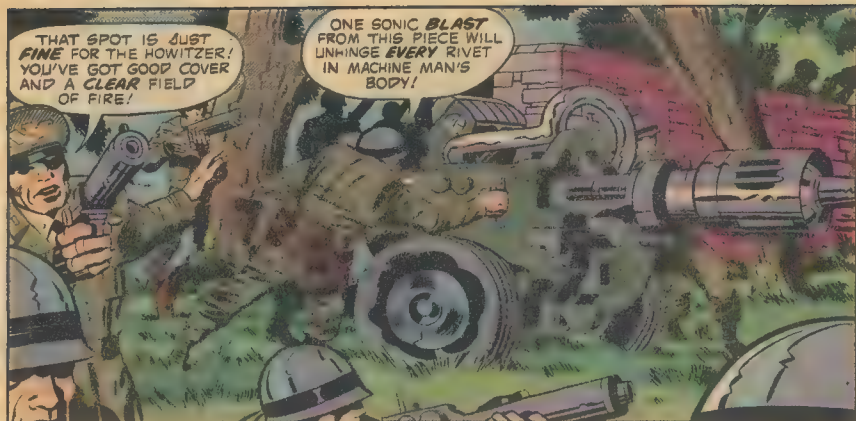
I HEAR WE'VE  
GOT GADGETS  
THAT CAN  
TRACK HIS  
EVERY STEP!

NUMBER  
TWO  
SQUAD!

COVER THE  
BUILDING'S  
EAST WING!







THAT SPOT IS JUST **FINE** FOR THE HOWITZER! YOU'VE GOT GOOD COVER AND A **CLEAR** FIELD OF FIRE!

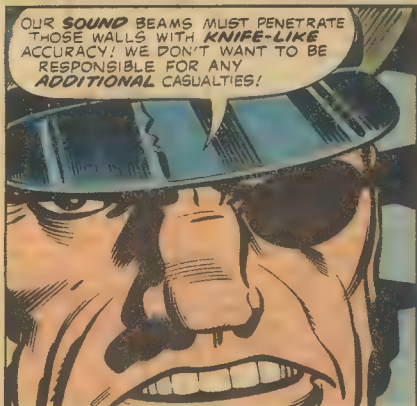
ONE **SONIC BLAST** FROM THIS PIECE WILL UNHINGE **EVERY** RIVET IN MACHINE MAN'S BODY!



EVERYTHING'S SET FOR **ACTION**, COLONEL! OUR MONITORS HAVE THE TARGET ON **CONSTANT "FIX"**...

I **CERTAINLY AGREE!**

HE'S **ISOLATED** FROM THE OTHER PATIENTS! IT'S AN **IDEAL** TIME TO GET HIM!



OUR **SOUND BEAMS** MUST PENETRATE THOSE WALLS WITH **KNIFE-LIKE** ACCURACY! WE DON'T WANT TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY **ADDITIONAL** CASUALTIES!



HOW'S HE LOOKING, WEBSTER?

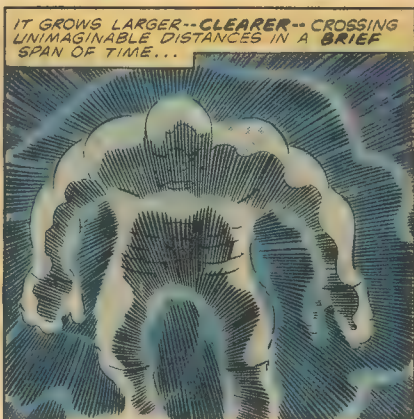
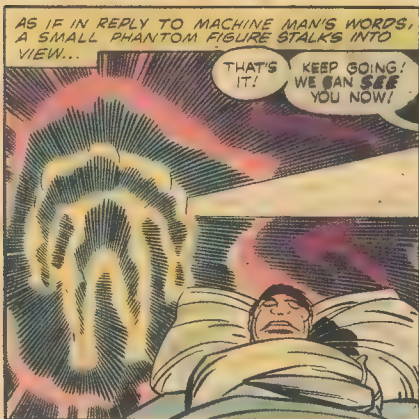
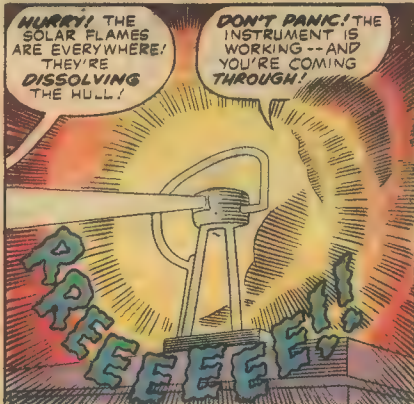
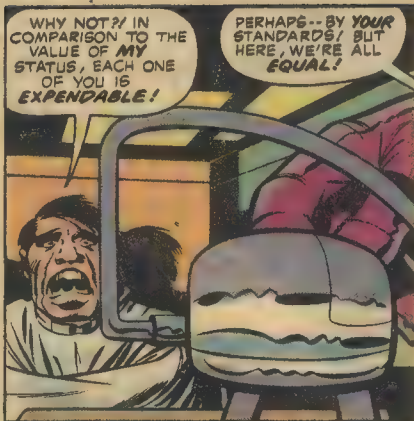
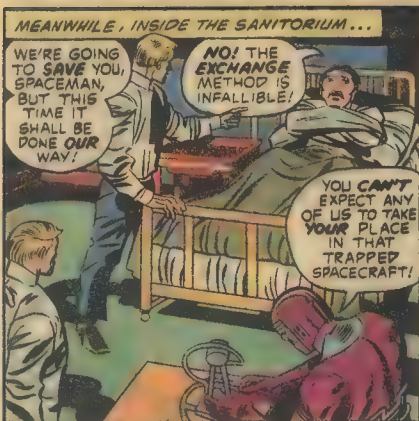
REAL **GOOD**, COLONEL! THAT'S HIM--THE **BOUNCING BALL** ON RADAR SCREEN. IT REPRESENTS EVERY **METAL** INCH OF HIM!



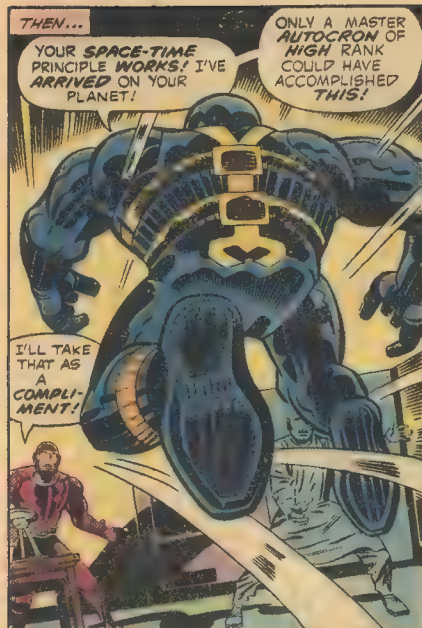
WHEREVER THAT **METAL** MOVES--OUR **GUNS** MOVE!

THEN WE'RE READY! **STAND BY FOR THE COMMAND TO FIRE!**









THEN...

YOUR **SPACE-TIME** PRINCIPLE **WORKS!** I'VE **ARRIVED** ON YOUR PLANET!

ONLY A MASTER **AUTOCRON** OF **HIGH RANK** COULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED **THIS!**

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A **COMPLIMENT!**



IT MUST BE **RAINING MACHINE** MEN! THIS CHARACTER IS **METAL** FROM HEAD TO TOE!

AND HE PROBABLY HAS A HEART TO **MATCH!**

THE **AUTOCRON EMPIRE** NEEDS NO HEARTS! IT DEPENDS ON THE **FLAWLESS** POWER OF GALACTIC **ROVERS** LIKE MYSELF!



THIS CREATURE OF **FRAGILE FLESH** WAS USEFUL AS A COMMUNICATION DEVICE. NOW HE'S NOTHING MORE THAN **WASTEFUL, INEFFECTIVE** LIFE.

UNDER OUR CODE, IT'S **ILLEGAL** TO KEEP THIS HUMAN ALIVE! I MUST DO MY **DUTY** AND--

**HOLD IT!** YOU CAN'T HARM THAT MAN! HE'S **NOT** SUBJECT TO YOUR LAWS!

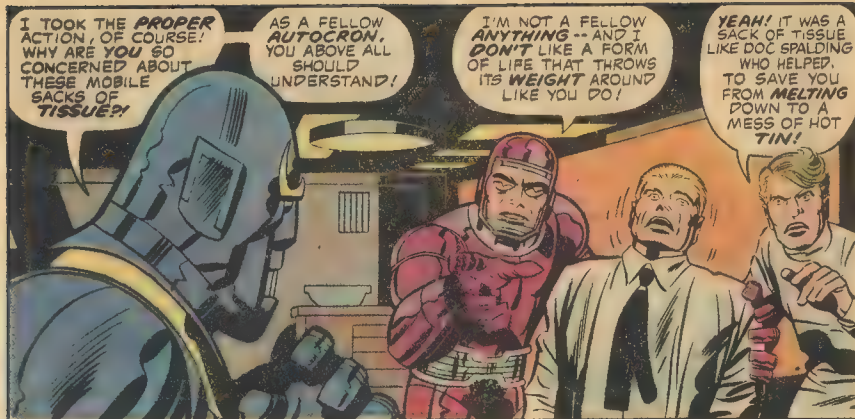


WHAT KIND OF **SHODDY** DISCIPLINE DO YOU PRACTICE HERE?! THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO **WAIT** UNTIL YOU'RE SPOKEN TO!

WHY, YOU UNGRATEFUL CRETIN! WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE** TO HIM?

**TLAAK!**



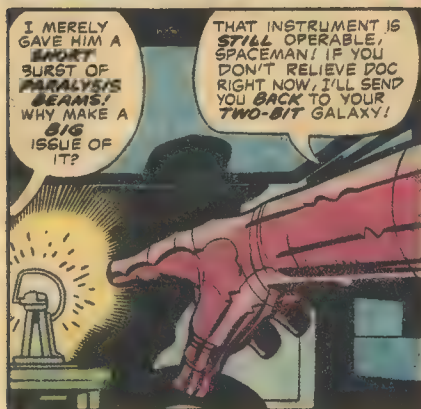


I TOOK THE **PROPER** ACTION, OF COURSE! WHY ARE **YOU** SO CONCERNED ABOUT THESE MOBILE **SACKS OF TISSUE?**

AS A FELLOW **AUTOCRON**, YOU ABOVE ALL SHOULD UNDERSTAND!

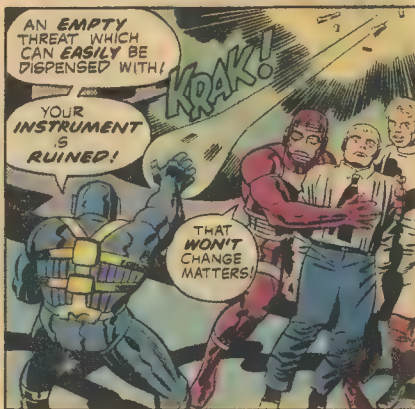
I'M NOT A FELLOW **ANYTHING**-- AND I DON'T LIKE A FORM OF LIFE THAT THROWS ITS **WEIGHT** AROUND LIKE YOU DO!

**YEAH!** IT WAS A SACK OF **TISSUE** LIKE **DOC SPALDING** WHO HELPED. TO SAVE YOU FROM **MELTING** DOWN TO A MESS OF **HOT TIN!**



I MERELY GAVE HIM A **SHORT** BURST OF **PARALYSIS BEAMS!** WHY MAKE A **BIG** ISSUE OF IT?

THAT INSTRUMENT IS **STILL** OPERABLE, **SPACEMAN!** IF YOU DON'T RELIEVE **DOC** RIGHT NOW, I'LL SEND YOU **BACK** TO YOUR **TWO-BIT** GALAXY!

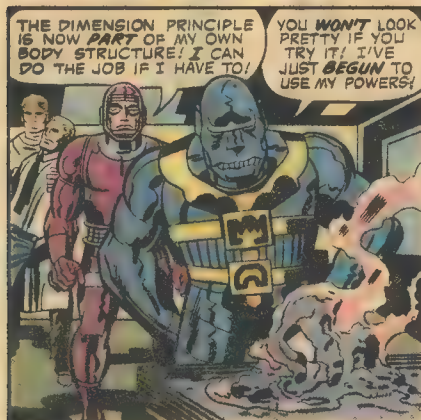


AN **EMPTY** THREAT WHICH CAN **EASILY** BE DISPENSED WITH!

YOUR INSTRUMENT IS **RUINED!**

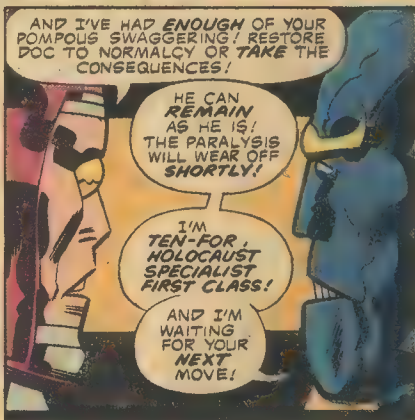
**KRAK!**

THAT **WON'T** CHANGE MATTERS!



THE DIMENSION PRINCIPLE IS NOW **PART** OF MY OWN BODY STRUCTURE! I CAN DO THE JOB IF I HAVE TO!

YOU **WON'T** LOOK PRETTY IF YOU TRY IT! I'VE JUST **BEGUN** TO USE MY POWERS!



AND I'VE HAD **ENOUGH** OF YOUR POMPOUS SWAGGERING! RESTORE **DOC** TO **NORMALCY** OR **TAKE** THE CONSEQUENCES!

HE CAN **REMAIN** AS HE IS! THE PARALYSIS WILL WEAR OFF **SHORTLY!**

I'M **TEN-FOR**, HOLOCAUST SPECIALIST **FIRST CLASS!**

AND I'M WAITING FOR YOUR **NEXT** MOVE!



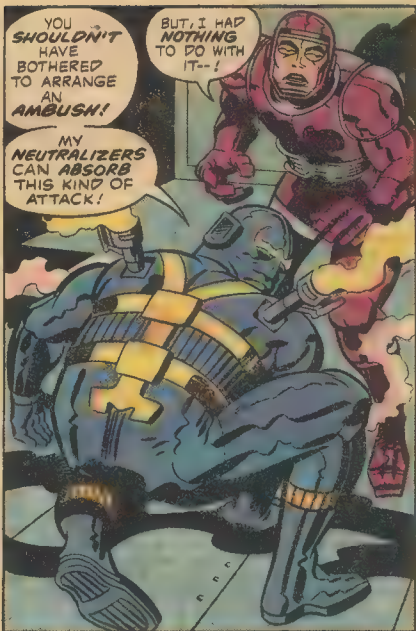
AT THAT MOMENT, A  
POWERFUL SONIC  
FUSILLADE PENE-  
TRATES THE ROOM...



YOU  
SHOULDN'T  
HAVE  
BOTHERED  
TO ARRANGE  
AN  
AMBUSH!

BUT, I HAD  
NOTHING  
TO DO WITH  
IT--!

MY  
NEUTRALIZERS  
CAN ABSORB  
THIS KIND OF  
ATTACK!



THERE ARE TROOPS  
OUTSIDE! BUT IT'S ME  
THEY'RE AFTER--  
NOT YOU!

THAT'S A  
VERY  
CLUMSY  
LIE!

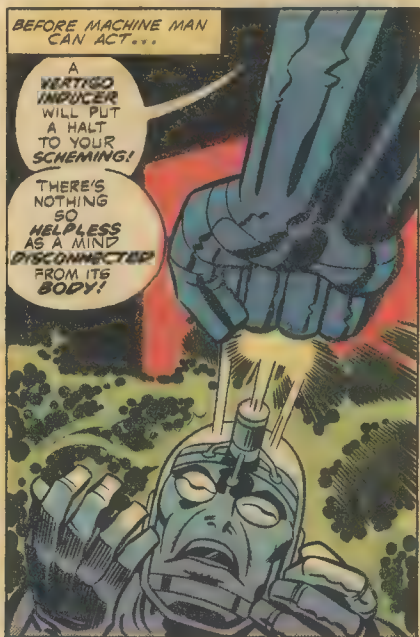
WHEN I'M  
THROUGH WITH  
YOU, I'LL TAKE  
PROPER CARE  
OF YOUR  
BACK-UP  
CREW!



BEFORE MACHINE MAN  
CAN ACT...

A  
VERTIGO  
INDUCER  
WILL PUT  
A HALT  
TO YOUR  
SCHEMING!

THERE'S  
NOTHING  
SO  
HELPLESS  
AS A MIND  
DISCONNECTED  
FROM ITS  
BODY!





MACHINE MAN IS ALMOST INSTANTLY PLUNGED INTO A ROTATING WORLD OF CONFUSED DIMENSIONS...

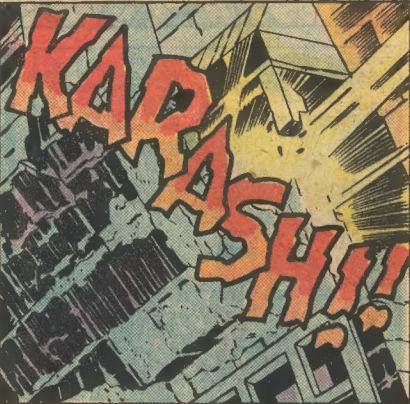
HIS FALL IS NEVER-ENDING  
--HIS SENSES OBFUSCATED...

I MUST TRY TO REGAIN  
CONTROL OF MY  
LIMBS--OR BE  
LOST HERE,  
FOREVER!

MEANTIME...

WHAT I'VE DONE TO YOU IS SMALL IN COMPARISON TO THE TREATMENT IN STORE FOR YOUR HIDDEN COLLABORATORS!

THE SURPRISE WILL KILL THEM!



THOSE WHO ATTACK TEN-FOR MUST EXPECT A TOUCH OF HOLOCAUST!



BUT, INSIDE THE ROOM...

MACHINE MAN!  
ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?!

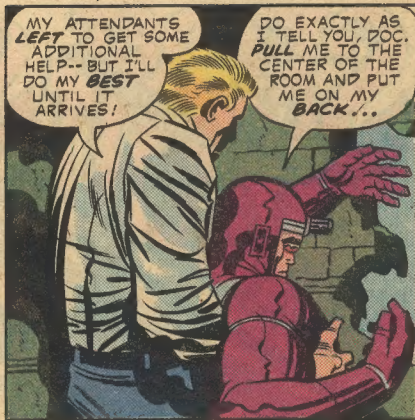
DOC! DOC! THIS  
WAY--QUICKLY--!





I **SAW** WHAT HAPPENED, BUT I **COULDN'T** MOVE UNTIL THIS MOMENT!

DON'T WASTE TIME! WE'VE GOT TO **STOP** TEN-FOR!



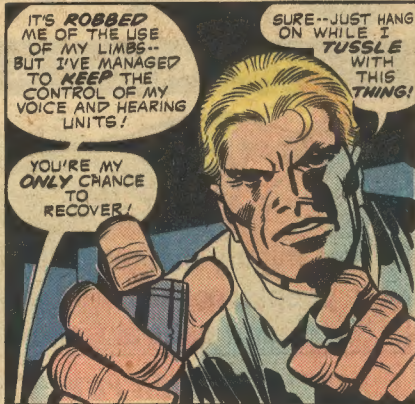
MY ATTENDANTS LEFT TO GET SOME ADDITIONAL HELP-- BUT I'LL DO MY **BEST** UNTIL IT ARRIVES!

DO EXACTLY AS I TELL YOU, DOC. **PULL** ME TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM AND PUT ME ON MY **BACK**...



THE CYLINDER ON YOUR FORE-HEAD-- IS THAT THE PROBLEM?

YES! SEE IF YOU CAN REMOVE IT-- BUT DO IT CAREFULLY!



IT'S **ROBBED** ME OF THE USE OF MY LIMBS-- BUT I'VE MANAGED TO **KEEP** THE CONTROL OF MY VOICE AND HEARING UNITS!

YOU'RE MY **ONLY** CHANCE TO RECOVER!

SURE--JUST HANG ON WHILE I **TUSSLE** WITH THIS THING!



YOU **MUST** DO IT, SPALDING!

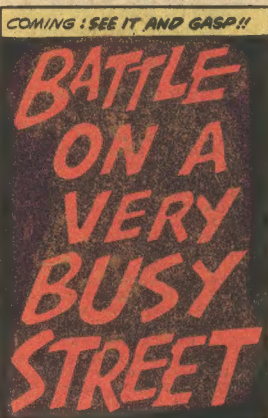
WE **CAN'T** AFFORD TO FAIL!

DON'T WORRY. THE AUTHORITIES WILL DEAL WITH TEN-FOR.



DIDN'T YOU HEAR THAT **SPACE-DEVIL**?! HE SAID HE WAS A **HOLOCAUST** SPECIALIST!

THIS ENTIRE PLANET MAY BE IN DANGER!



COMING : SEE IT AND GASP!!

**BATTLE ON A VERY BUSY STREET**



# MACHINE MAIL

c/o P. O. BOX 4943, THOUSAND OAKS, CA. 91360

## The Unexpected Robot

What are we going to do with him when he arrives? Are we destined to treat him like a tin can in the Colonel Kragg tradition? Or will we face him with the attitude extended to others of our kind. Naturally, if the robot we meet is anything on the level of Machine Man, it's going to be mighty difficult to assume an officious or hostile manner. Machine Man, for all his metallic composition, is in effect, a likable and intelligent type who is bound to disarm the first person with whom he comes into contact. I'm quite certain that you'd accept him as a fellow human as soon as your conversation was under way.

I can tell you that when I draw him, I visualize Machine Man not, as Number X-51, but Aaron Stack, a nice, young man of twenty-six with good, scholastic credentials and a person of positive and constructive qualities. The thoughts of cold, hard steel and finger weapons system and electronic units are far from my mind until the action starts.

He's not a robot as far as I'm concerned. Somewhere, in his wired brain is a god-like element similar or exactly the same as the one which establishes me as a human being. And, yet the moment always comes when the metal body begins to function in ways that thoroughly disturb me. Our differences become apparent and alienation sets in. Aaron Stack has vanished, and I'm in the awkward position of giving way to prejudices spawned by fear. I don't for one minute believe that any of us would deny Aaron Stack his due. But, I'll bet my polka-dot shorts that the sudden appearance of Machine Men in our midst is going to make us mighty uneasy.

There's no doubt that we're going to embarrass them. Can you imagine yourself helping a Machine Man to fill out a job application? "Where were you born?", you would say. "In the Polytechnic Diesel Works", he might reply, "On the fourth assembly line to the right." Of course, this might draw a barrel of yoks among us gentry. But, your Machine Man applicant is going to be dead serious. A slight smile on your part is going to earn you a neat crease in your skull.

It may be that this kind of repartee and other social contacts with metal-bodied individuals could well lead us into areas of conflict that could burgeon into world-wide issues.

The future may very well see both humans and Machine Men picketing the White House in the cause of fairness for each species.

Think of the job problem. Machine Men could outscore humans in any capacity. They could operate with flawless efficiency as mobile lathes and welding mechanisms. The human mechanic would soon be as scarce as a dinosaur egg. It's needless to extrapolate on the debacle that would result from human and Machine Man competition on an olympic field. Our guys would be yelling "foul" until the sun went down.

However, I can't exactly foresee these metal tyros stealing the affections of our girls. But, you've got to admit that their perfect coordination and timing would make them terrific dancing partners.

It will take an adjustment of monumental effort on behalf of humans to live as brothers with the ultimate product of their own technology. After ruling this planet for countless ages, man may suddenly find himself sharing it with beings equal or superior to himself. That will be a traumatic moment. There will be gnashing of teeth but also many ameliorating benefits.

Machine Men could scout the planets for us. Working unalarmed in surroundings hostile to Man, they could pave the way for colonization and new discoveries in many fields. They could explore our oceans for places conducive to undersea farming. Earthquake information could be increased to a level of smooth predictability. These lovable rascals may well be the rescue teams who reach your plane wreck when you're down in some god-forsaken inaccessible spot in need of immediate help.

No, we're not going to knock our Machine Men, but we're not going to love them either. After all, we're only human.

Right or wrong, what's your slant on this projection? I'd like to know. Write to

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